THE

MODERN

FINE LADY.

---------Miseri quibus
Intentata nites. HOR.

The Second EDITION.

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THE MODERN FINE LADY.

SKILL'D in each Art, that can adorn the Fair,
The ſpritely Dance, the ſoft *Italian* Air,
The toſs of Quality, and high-bred fleer,
Now Lady *Harriot* reach'd her fifteenth Year:
Wing'd with Diverſions all her Moments flew,
Each, as it paſs'd, preſenting ſomething new;
Breakfaſts, and Auctions wear the Morn away,
Each Evening gives an Opera, or a Play;

Then

Then *Brags* eternal Joys all Night remain,
And kindly uſher in the Morn again.

For Love no Time has ſhe, or Inclination,
Yet muſt coquet it for the ſake of Faſhion;
For this ſhe liſtens to each Fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd Colonel flatters with a Sneer,
And the crop'd Enſign nuzzles in her Ear.
But with moſt warmth her Dreſs and Airs inſpire
Th' ambitious Boſom of the landed Squire,
Who fain wou'd quit plump *Dolly*'s ſofter Charms,
For wither'd lean *Right Honourable* Arms;
He bows with reverence at her ſacred ſhrine,
And treats her as if ſprung from race Divine,
Which ſhe returns with Inſolence and Scorn,
Nor deigns to ſmile on a Plebeian born.

'Ere long by Friends, by Cards, and Lovers croſs'd,
Her Fortune, Health, and Reputation loſt;

Her

Her Money gone, yet not a Tradeſman paid,
Her Fame, yet ſhe ſtill damn'd to be a Maid,
Her Spirits ſink, her Nerves are ſo unſtrung,
She weeps, if but a handſome Thief is hung:
By Mercers, Lacemen, Mantua-makers preſt,
But moſt for ready Caſh for Play diſtreſt,
Where can She turn?----The Squire muſt all repair,
She condeſcends to liſten to his Pray'r,
And marrys him at length in mere Deſpair.

But ſoon th' Endearments of a Huſband cloy,
Her Soul, her Frame incapable of Joy:
She feels no Tranſports in the Bridal-bed,
Of which ſo oft Sh' has heard, ſo much has read;
Then vex'd, that She ſhould be condemn'd alone
To ſeek in vain this Philoſophick Stone,
To abler Tutors She reſolves t' apply,
A Proſtitute from Curioſity:
Hence Men of ev'ry ſort, and ev'ry ſize,
Impatient for Heav'n's Cordial Drop, She trys;

The fribbling Beau, the rough unweildy Clown,
The ruddy Templar newly on the Town,
Th' Hibernian Captain of Gigantick make,
The brimful Parſon, and th' exhauſted Rake.

But ſtill malignant Fate her wiſh denies,
Cards yield ſuperior Joys, to Cards She flies,
All Night from *Rout* to *Rout* her Chairmen run,
Again She plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in Ruin's frightful Jaws!
Bonds, Judgments, Executions ope their Paws;
Seize Jewels, Furniture, and Plate, nor ſpare
The gilded Chariot, or the toſſel'd Chair,
For lonely Seat She's forc'd to quit the Town,
And *Tubbs* conveys the wretched Exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the Stones of *Tyburn-Road*,
Ne'er preſt with a more griev'd or guilty Load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known Streets,
And envys ev'ry Cinder-wench She meets:

And now the dreaded Country firſt appears,
With ſighs unfeign'd the dying Noiſe She hears
Of diſtant Coaches fainter by degrees,
Then ſtarts, and trembles at the ſight of Trees.
Silent and ſullen, like ſome captive Queen,
She's drawn along unwilling to be ſeen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd *Hall*
Within the graſs-green Moat, and ivy'd Wall,
The doleful Priſon where for ever She,
But not, alaſs! her griefs, muſt bury'd be.

Her Coach the Curate and the Tradeſmen meet,
Great-coated Tenants her Arrival greet,
And Boys with ſtubble Bonfires light the Street,
While Bells her Ears with Tongues diſcordant grate,
Types of the nuptial Tyes they celebrate:
But no Rejoycings can unbend her Brow,
Nor deigns She to return one aukward Bow,
But bounces in diſdaining once to Speak,
And wipes the trickling Tear from off her Cheek.

Now ſee her in the ſad decline of Life,
A peeviſh Miſtreſs, and a ſulky Wife;
Her Nerves unbrac'd, her faded Cheek grown pale
With many a real, and many a fancy'd Ail;
Of Cards, Admirers, Equipage bereft,
Her Inſolence, and Title only left;
Severely humbled to her One-horſe Chair,
And the low paſtimes of a Country Fair:
Too wretched to endure one lonely Day,
Too proud one friendly Viſit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and ſhun'd by all of Human kind,
Ev'n robb'd of the laſt Comfort of her Life,
Inſulting the poor Curate's callous Wife,
Pride, diſappointed Pride, now ſtops her Breath,
And with true Scorpion rage She ſtings herſelf to Death.

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